

AIN ROLLAND

and

J-CHRISTOPHE

a list of books about music by
D. KREIBIEL, HENDERSON, LAVIGNAC,
YOUNG, and others.



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ROMAIN ROLLAND

Whether the curiosity about "people who have done things" hints of a weakness for gossip or indicates the capacity for hero worship which is said to be a characteristic of noble minds, it will find ample and delightful gratification in the biography of Romain Rolland.

It is most interesting to hear from Romain Rolland himself the genesis of a book that has stirred two continents. While he was in Rome, ten years before the first volume appeared, he conceived the idea of the whole book, planned the chapters, and entirely composed a great part of the volumes which are yet to be published. ". . . I was isolated, stifling like so many others in France in a world of moral enmity. I wished to breathe, I wished to react against an unhealthy civilization, against opinion corrupted by a false minority. I wished to say to this minority: 'You lie! you do not represent France.' For this I needed a hero with clear vision and a pure heart, whose soul was unsullied enough to give him the right to speak and whose voice was strong enough to make itself heard. I built this hero patiently. Before deciding to write the first line of my book I carried it within me for years; Christophe did not start on his journey until I had seen his road to the end. . . ."

And in Romain Rolland's answer to the question "Is Jean-Christophe a novel or is it a

biography?" he defines succinctly his attitude to his book. "It is clear," he says in a preface to one of the books of "Jean-Christophe in Paris," "that I have never had the pretension to write a novel. . . . What then is this book? A poem? Why do you need a name? When you see a man, do you ask him is he a novel or a poem? *This* is a man that I have made. The life of man is not shut up in the narrow limits of literary form. It is a law in itself and each life has its own law. Some lives are like tranquil lakes . . . others are fruitful plains. . . . Jean-Christophe has always seemed to me a river."

The above and what follows is from the modest "Introduction," Jean Bonnerot has provided for a little volume of extracts in French from Professor Rolland's works. In this he not only gives all sorts of interesting information about Romain Rolland's life, but in apt quotations tells us more about the inspiration and the methods of Romain Rolland's work and the author's own attitude to it, than we could learn from volumes of anecdote or critical analysis. ". . . My state of mind," Romain Rolland writes to a friend, "is always that of a musician, not of a painter. At first, I conceive like a nebulous musical impression the whole of a work, then the principal motives, and, above all, the rhythm, not so much of isolated phrases as the sequence of the volumes in relation to the whole, the chapters in the volumes, and the paragraphs in the chapters."

Romain Rolland is French on both sides of

the house. On his father's side he comes of a family of notaries; his mother's family were magistrates and lawyers. He was born in Clamecy, January 29th, 1866, and received his early education from the schools there, and his first lessons in music from his mother. His parents destined him for the Polytechnic School, but he wished to devote himself to music, and in 1886 he entered the *École Normale* in Paris. Here he first became acquainted with the works of Wagner and of Tolstoy, the two men who, he says, with Shakespeare, have had the greatest formative influence upon him. He is wholly in sympathy with Wagner's theories of music and with Tolstoy's ethical ideals, and his play, "*Orsino*," written while he was at the French School in Rome, and which narrowly escaped production at the *Comédie Française*, is based upon Shakespeare's methods.

A humbler influence may be traced to his great-grandfather on the paternal side, who was an ardent revolutionist and had an absolute mania for writing down every day what he read, heard, said, ate, and did. Almost the whole of this immense journal was burned except some fragments recounting the events of July 14th, 1789, in Paris, where the old man happened to be on the return of the victorious people; but it is doubtless the origin of Olivier's journal in "*Jean-Christophe in Paris*," and more than one rejoinder and reflection in Romain Rolland's play "*I Juillet*" were drawn from the dust and shadow of these family papers.

In August, 1892, a year after his return from Rome to the *École Normale*, he married. A little later he was sent to Italy on an official mission, and while there he collected the material for his thesis, the "*Origins of the Modern Lyric Theater; a History of Opera in Europe before Lulli and Scarlatti*," which was accepted by the Sorbonne in 1895. In 1897 he was appointed to a professorship, the History of Art, in the Higher *École Normale*, and in 1903, at the time the *École Normale* was reorganized and its professors and pupils were transplanted to the Sorbonne, the course in the History of Art, which he had taught since 1897, became a course in the History of Music. The most interesting account of the years of his professorship and the dangers and difficulties of university life is given in Jean-Christophe's talks with Olivier.

From 1898 to 1902, was the heroic period of Romain Rolland's life. In 1898 the *Théâtre de l'Œuvre* produced "*Aërt*," a play in three acts, and from this day "the life of Romain Rolland mingles so profoundly with his work that the former has no other aim, no other reason for being." He determined to write a dramatic commentary on the French Revolution—a sort of epic comprising a decade of drama. These plays, each complete in itself, taken as a whole are to be separate acts of the Drama of the Revolution.

Professor, biographer, musical critic on one important review and founder of another, playwright and novelist, the dream and ambition of

Romain Rolland's life is to establish a People's Theater, which shall express their aims, their ideals and their wrongs, and set forth their obligations and their opportunities. And it is interesting, and amazing, to learn that Monsieur Bonnerot considers that "Jean-Christophe"—in itself an achievement of magnitude—"explains, supplements, completes, the People's Theater. It is addressed to all without distinction of class or origin; it is concerned with the hatreds, the joys, the sorrows, in which all are equal. It is a different thing from an intellectual book written for the entertainment of the salon or to achieve a vain success. Jean-Christophe says aloud what others are afraid to think. . . ."

In between the times of his multifarious interests and accomplishments Romain Rolland published and "dedicated to civilization" a drama on the English issues in the Transvaal, "The Time Will Come," and Monsieur Bonnerot tells us that he has put into the mouth of one of Lord Clifford's prisoners the dominating principle of his own life: "All injustice is my enemy. . . . My country is everywhere liberty is violated."

Edwin Francis Edgett in the *Boston Transcript*, December 14, 1910.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE

THE STORY OF A TEMPERAMENT FROM INFANCY
TO MANHOOD

Jean-Christophe: Dawn, Morning, Youth, Revolt. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The six hundred pages of "Jean-Christophe" merely carry us across the threshold of its hero's life. One volume has been made of the four volumes in which the original French version of the story appeared, and there are to come, we believe, two more in Mr. Cannan's highly commendable and effective translation. In Paris ten yellow-covered paper books will be necessary to bring Jean-Christophe's multitudinous adventures before the eager French public. In these first six hundred pages we accompany Jean-Christophe Krafft through the four early stages of his career, and as he is only twenty when the last word is said, it may easily be seen that his life and M. Rolland's record of it is very full.

In "Jean-Christophe" the novelist begins at the beginning, at the very moment when the new-born child is stirring in his cradle. "The child wakes and cries, and his eyes are troubled. Oh! how terrible! The darkness, the sudden

flash of the lamp, the hallucinations of a mind as yet hardly detached from chaos, the stifling, roaring night in which it is enveloped, the illimitable gloom from which, like blinding shafts of light, there emerge acute sensations, sorrows, phantoms—those enormous faces leaning over him, those eyes that pierce through him, penetrating, are beyond his comprehension! He has not the strength to cry out, terror holds him motionless, with eyes and mouth wide open and he rattles in his throat. His large head, that seems to have swollen up, is wrinkled with the grotesque and lamentable grimaces that he makes, the skin of his face and hands is brown and purple, and spotted with yellow.” This is Jean-Christophe as we first see him, and through twenty years of infancy and youth he pursues an erratic course in which his ideals are paramount and continuously at odds with common sense.

Coming of artistic parentage, he could, perhaps, be none other than he is. His father and grandfather were musicians, both known to all the musicians of the country from Cologne to Mannheim, and at the time of his birth they were living in a little town on the Rhine, not far from the Belgian frontier. It is there that the first twenty years of Jean-Christophe’s life are spent, and from end to end of this first volume of his history we rarely leave its borders. Thither the elder Krafft had come in boyhood, and there he dwelt till the end of his days. Jean-Christophe’s mother was of the servant class, and the old Jean Michel

had been profoundly humiliated by his son's marriage, "for he had built great hopes upon Melchior; he had wished to make him the distinguished man which he had failed to make himself." All his ambitions, he felt, were destroyed by this freak of his son. "He had stormed at first, and showered curses upon Melchior and Louisa. But, being a good-natured creature, he forgave his daughter-in-law when he learned to know her better; and even came by a paternal affection for her, which showed itself for the most part in snubs."

It is to show the contrast between the ideal and the real, between the efforts of a genius to keep his face to the future and the repressing force of a community that looks inevitably backward, that M. Rolland has undertaken to give us this finely particularized record and closely analyzed study of the progress of a youthful life and intellect. That his scenes and characters are German appears to have no national significance, for the novelist is not satirizing a people or a community. He is merely showing us a characteristic section of humanity, and it is mere chance that it happens to be German. "More than anywhere else there reigned the distrust, so innate in the German people, of anything new, the sort of laziness in feeling anything true or powerful which has not been pondered and digested by several generations." Of the French, he will doubtless have no less to say when Jean-Christophe begins, at the age of twenty, his life in Paris.

Varied is the course of Jean-Christophe through these twenty years, and unreserved is M. Rolland in his record and commentary. While scarcely more than a baby, he is taught the piano by Melchior, who sees glorious visions of a great future for the boy and an equally auspicious old age for himself as the father of a prodigy and a genius. But drink soon ends him, and the boy goes his own way—which is the way of an irresponsible prodigy and a genius. He will brook no opposition, he will endure no controverting of his own judgment, and after quickly rising in the public esteem as a composer and teacher, he makes an equally rapid fall. All his doings, his motives, his emotions, are disclosed by the novelist. We read of his love affairs, both platonic and erotic. We are told of his few triumphs and many failures as a musician, and there is scarcely a moment when we are unable to read his very soul. And even though to the placid mind which takes life as it finds it, his actions may seem the height of folly, we see in them nothing but what is as inevitable as it is frequently inexplicable. His is a character that we need not explain, and for which we need seek no explanation. He is the type of the irresponsible artist whose conduct in all its extremes is due to an unquenchable egotism that, while it may be preposterous, is at the same time pardonable. He lives in a world for which he is unsuited, and he beats his feeble hands against its bars in a futile attempt to escape to his Utopia.

For no moment does the novelist lapse from his consistent view of Jean-Christophe's character. While he offers us at times his own opinions, he does not obtrude them, and they are fused into the story. Despite its length, the narrative does not seem unduly long. Six hundred pages is a small amount of space over which to spread the events of twenty years, especially when they deal with a human being whose mind and soul were filled with a pent-up energy. From year to year the story moves at a rapid pace. It never lags. It moves along as time moves, speedily and irrevocably. It brings to life one character after another, old and young, men and women, as they cross the path of Jean-Christophe, and always we see them as he sees them, or as they should be seen in relation to him. There can be no doubt that "Jean-Christophe" is the most momentous novel that has come to us from France, or from any other European country, in a decade. It may not seem immediately great, but it is unquestionably important and significant in its presentation to us of the mind of man and the soul of a man.

By Francis E. Regal in the *Springfield Republican*, December 3, 1911.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE IN PARIS

A MASTERPIECE OF A NEW DAY

Comments upon the second volume of the English translation of Romain Rolland's great novel.

We are to account no man happy until he is dead; on the same principle we should consider no book successful till it is finished. Yet now and then the temptation to anticipate is irresistible, as in the case of Romain Rolland's huge masterpiece, "Jean-Christophe," the first volume of which, comprising four of the ten French volumes, was published early in the year by Henry Holt & Co. The high estimate then put upon it remains unaltered by a reading of the second volume in English, issued this fall by the same publishers, in which the German hero comes to Paris and sees French life as searchingly as in the first volume he had seen the life of Germany. No work of fiction published in our day has exerted a greater influence on thoughtful readers, and perhaps none has been more variously judged by critics.

This discrepancy, in itself a mark of extraordinary quality, is easily to be explained. The reviewers who have treated it like an ordinary

novel of the day, applying the usual canons as to unity, action, etc., have naturally found it deficient. Those who have seen that it is only in the technical sense a novel, and have treated it as the most profound and comprehensive criticism of modern life which has yet been vouchsafed, have wasted no time in considering its defects as a novel. It is not to be judged by the ordinary rules, for the reason that it is no ordinary novel. It is one of those fundamental books that stand apart, that contain the seeds of new life. Whether the seeds sprout depends, of course, on the trend of history—great books may sink and be forgotten because they appear on the slope of a descending wave in which they are swamped. But if we are at the beginning of a great upward sweep, a cyclic movement in art and letters, "*Jean-Christophe*" will be reckoned one of the epochal books of our time, not less important than the early masterpieces of the romantic revival in the eighteenth century. It is a work too big to be measured save by an imaginative perspective view.

Nor is it a book for all readers; that should be made clear at the outset to avoid disappointment. It does not, it is true, require of the reader a technical knowledge of music, though the hero is a great musician, modeled a little on Beethoven, a very little on Wagner, and somewhat on Hugo Wolf, while his ideas are necessarily largely the ideas of Rolland. But the reader does need, in order to appreciate the critical discussion to which a large part

of this inordinately long book is devoted, some familiarity with the conditions and problems of modern artistic and intellectual life. From the book itself one may understand much of the throes through which the Europe of to-day is passing, but to appreciate fully the keen analysis of contemporary art, music, letters, and social life, a wide knowledge is required. Yet it is by no means a book for the few alone; many readers will find it stimulating and suggestive, even though they miss the point of many of the allusions. The author is a disciple, to some extent, of Tolstoi, and has written an admirable book on the great Russian teacher. Something of the Tolstoian spirit appears in "*Jean-Christophe*," specially in its insistence on ethical ideals in art and literature and the contempt shown for the shallow technical skill with which Europe has for a generation been surfeited.

The scope of this second volume of 473 pages is quite as comprehensive as that of the first. In that we were shown the infancy, childhood, youth, and early career of a great genius, a moody, passionate, exigent soul, chafing at the mediocrity he saw triumphant about him, dashing himself hopelessly against the walls of the Philistines. We took leave of him crossing the French frontier a fugitive from the militarism which has devastated the land of Goethe and Schiller. In this new volume we see him knocking at the doors of Paris, and the book is largely concerned with the shattering of the ideals of that brilliant capital which he had

formed in his stuffy German provincial town, and with his search for the real France, the France that has been a lamp to the world. He finds it at last, and the real France as M. Rolland pictures it is curiously different from the conventional ideal of the country.

Paris, where Jean-Christophe undergoes humiliations much like those of Wagner, who had to support himself by arranging operatic airs for the cornet, he finds exploited by foreigners—Jews, Italians, Germans, Levantines, South Americans. The arts were being prostituted in the market-place; sensuality, obscenity, decadence were everywhere: "The more closely he examined that sort of art, the more acutely he became aware of the odor which from the first he had detected faintly in the beginning, then more strongly, and finally it was suffocating; the odor of death. Death; it was everywhere beneath all the luxury and the uproar." Jean-Christophe's quest is for the hidden life of France, the sterling qualities hidden by the glitter of the capital. He succeeds at last by the help of a friend, a shy young French poet, Olivier, brother of the French governess, Antoinette, whom Jean-Christophe had encountered in Germany, and whose sad history constitutes a pathetic episode in this second volume. Secretly she had loved the composer, but Olivier keeps her secret. Through him Jean-Christophe finally divines the secret of the greatness of France, and finds it where one would least look for it—not in academies or salons or collective scientific undertakings, but

in scattered individuals. So far from being the most systematic and gregarious of nations, they were the most divided: "There was no sort of mutual interchange. There was no unanimity on any subject in France, except at those very rare moments when unanimity assumed an epidemic character, and, as a rule, it was wrong, for it was morbid. A crazy individualism predominated in every kind of French activity; in scientific research as well as in commerce, for it prevented business men from combining and organizing working agreements." All this is most unsettling to received opinion, but "*Jean-Christophe*" is nothing if not unsettling; it is a book which at almost every point goes behind the received opinion. It is a book which students of our own times, whether they like it or not, cannot afford to ignore.

By WALDO R. BROWNE in *The Dial*, March
1, 1914

A review of the completed trilogy, including
JEAN-CHRISTOPHE: JOURNEY'S END

A GREAT CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

The first of the three volumes containing "Jean-Christophe" in its English version appeared during the winter of 1910; the last, something less than a year ago. If the book bore any relation to the generality of current fiction, some apology for dealing with it so tardily might be in order. But when one has to do with *a work of genius*, apologies may as well be dispensed with. *Compared with the great mass of current novels, "Jean-Christophe" is as an oak-tree rising above a field of summer grass.* We should like to have been among the earliest to proclaim its qualities; that privilege having been missed, we can at least avoid a place among the tardiest.

Notwithstanding its recognition by Mr. Edmund Gosse and other high critical authorities as "the first great novel of the new century," the book seems as yet to have found only a small fraction of its destined English audience. Critical superlatives are too much soiled by ignoble use to carry much force nowadays; and as much as ever in the past, genius is still left to make its own way as it can. No doubt the unusual bulk of "Jean-Christophe" has de-

tered many possible readers. A generation that is accustomed to considering its fiction, like its pills, the better for being readily bolted is not likely to look with favor upon a novel of seventeen hundred rather closely printed pages. But for our part, we should be glad if the three volumes had been multiplied into thirty. Indeed, the same material,—the same wealth of character, the same reservoir of ideas,—might well have served a less rigorous artist for thirty novels instead of one. Into the making of “Jean-Christophe” has gone the greater part of its author’s life. The French original, in ten volumes, occupied nearly a decade in the publishing; and M. Rolland has said that the book was in conception many years before the first page was written,—“Christophe only set out on his journey when I had been able to see the end of it for him.”

“The writers of to-day,” says Christophe to his friend Olivier, in one of their discussions,

“Waste their energy in describing human rarities, or cases that are common enough in the abnormal groups of men and women living on the fringe of the great society of active, healthy human beings. Since they themselves have shut themselves off from life, leave them and go where there are men. Show the life of every day to the men and women of every day: that life is deeper and more vast than the sea. The smallest among you bears the infinite in his soul. The infinite is in every man who is simple enough to be a man, in the lover, in the friend, in the woman who pays with her pangs for the radiant glory of the day of childbirth, in every man and every woman who lives in obscure self-sacrifice which will never be known

to another soul: it is the very river of life, flowing from one to another, from one to another, and back again and round. . . . Write the simple life of one of these simple men, write the peaceful epic of the days and nights following, following one like to another, and yet all different, all sons of the same mother, from the dawning of the first day in the life of the world. Write it simply, as simple as its own unfolding. Waste no thought upon the word, and the letter, and the subtle vain researches in which the force of the artists of to-day is turned to naught. You are addressing all men: use the language of all men. There are no words noble or vulgar; there is no style chaste or impure: there are only words and styles which say or do not say exactly what they have to say. Be sound and thorough in all you do: think just what you think,—and feel just what you feel. Let the rhythm of your heart prevail in your writings! The style is the soul."

This is M. Rolland's literary creed, and out of it has come "*Jean-Christophe*." There is nothing of conventional plot in the book. Its connecting thread throughout is the history of a human soul,—the soul of Jean-Christophe Kraft, native of Germany, the descendant of several generations of musicians and himself destined to be the greatest musician of them all. In physique and will he does not belie his surname; but his is the strength out of which comes sweetness,—a strength that carries him unconquered, though not unscathed, through battle with all the forces that can be sent against a man's spirit,—a strength that inspires and invigorates all who come within its influence. Concerning the origin of his book, M. Rolland has written: "I was stifling . . .

in a hostile moral atmosphere, I wanted to breathe, I wanted to react against a sickly civilization. . . . I needed a hero of pure eyes and pure heart, with a soul sufficiently unblemished to have the right to speak, and with a voice strong enough to make itself heard." Such a hero is Jean-Christophe; but his purity of eye and heart contains no trace of pharisaism. He is a creature of stormy impulses and emotions, who stumbles and blunders as frequently as any, yet who never makes terms with the enemy, whether within or without.

But the book as a whole is far more than a biography of Jean-Christophe Kraft. It is an analysis, a synthesis, a criticism of present-day life in all of its most significant phases. It is an illuminating estimate of European culture, a sane and penetrative discussion of social tendencies, an inspiring handbook of ethics, a profound and eloquent treatise on music,—and much else besides. We doubt if any other writer since Tolstoy has been so successful in clarifying the welter of our contemporary civilization,—“beneath the chaos of facts perceiving the little undistinguished gleam which reveals the progress of the history of the human mind.”

Weavers, all of us, of the great fabric of humanity, we are taken for a moment from the tiny segment of our individual labor, and the wide tangle of loose ends which shows for us as the collective labor of our generation, and are granted a glimpse of the ordered design

that is slowly taking form on the other side of the fabric. And this, in our opinion, is the noblest service that literature can perform.

"Jean-Christophe" is thus before all else an interpretation of life, a "novel of ideas" in the truest sense. But for all that, its chief concern is 'not with the "intellectuals" but with commonest and lowliest humanity. The kingdom it portrays is inherited not by the successful and the arrogant—the so-called strong men who are held up so generally in life and in literature as patterns of human conduct,—but always by the meek and the poor in spirit. Nothing in the book is more typical of its author's spirit than such a passage as this:

"Christophe felt utterly weary of the fevered, sterile world, the conflict between egoisms and ideas, the little groups of human beings deeming themselves above humanity, the ambitious, the thinkers, the artists who think themselves the brain of the world, and are no more than a haunting, evil dream. And all his love went out to those thousands of simple souls, of every nation, whose lives burn away in silence, pure flames of kindness, faith, and sacrifice,—the heart of the world."

It is the ambition of M. Rolland's art to help the people "to live, to correct their errors, to conquer their prejudices, and to enlarge from day to day their thoughts and their hearts." Understanding as clearly as any the futility and danger of many "popular" tendencies, he yet never reacts into that attitude of harsh intolerance or brutal indifference so common among the intellectual classes of to-day. It is

his belief that the individualist who cuts himself off from sympathetic contact with the mass of mankind repudiates thereby the first law of Christianity. "If any man," says M. Rolland, "would see the living God face to face, he must seek him, not in the empty firmament of his own brain, but in the love of men."

As in every great work of art, this pervading quality of humaneness is here secondary only to the quality of absolute sincerity. A love of truth as passionate as Ruskin's, as uncompromising as Carlyle's, glows through every page. With *Teufelsdröckh*, Jean-Christophe never fails to cry: "Truth! though the heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostacy." This high sincerity could scarcely fail to be inherent in a book so largely the distillation of spiritual experience, so little the product of artifice. The work was conceived, as we have seen, in a spirit of intense reaction to falsehood and cant. Its author is one who has evidently known the acutest mental and physical suffering, but who yet has courage "to look anguish in the face and venerate it." In a day when there is so widespread a tendency not only to repudiate the moral value of suffering, but to fasten upon it a definite stigma of shame, such a courage is as rare as it is salutary.

It should not be inferred that "Jean-Christophe" is any the less appealing and readable as a book of fiction because of the higher qualities emphasized in the foregoing,—though of

course the book could never interest those who are content with the staple product of our fiction-factories. Even should the cultivated reader wish to skip rather freely, in the residue he will find a wealth of rare treasure. We know of few pages in literature more subtly and tenderly sympathetic than the record of Christophe's early childhood, more deeply stirring than the spiritual battle depicted in "The Burning Bush," more poignantly beautiful than the account of Christophe's passing in the final chapter. And what a wonderful pageant of human character moves through the book,—what a gallery of vivid and varied portraiture! Who that has come to know them will ever forget Jean Michel, Gottfried, old Schulz, Olivier, Christophe himself, among the men; Louisa, Sabine, Antoinette, Grazia, among the women?

In conclusion, we shall venture the statement that with this work M. Rolland takes his place in contemporary literature as the spiritual and artistic successor of Tolstoy. He becomes the standard-bearer around whom will rally the idealistic forces of the new century. More profoundly than any other yet offered by this century, the gospel he has given us will inspire and direct those who are toiling in the cause of human brotherhood,—“the free spirits of all nations who suffer, fight, and will prevail.” That he assumes no authority, and claims no followers, only makes his leadership the more secure. He would have us understand almost before all else that human progress, like life itself, is not a smooth-flowing development, but

a series of metamorphoses or transmutations; that each generation must wage its own battle for its own truth, and then without bitterness give place to a younger generation which perchance will carry the combat to a far different quarter of the field. To fight is the great duty; to have fought, the only honor. The issue is always in the future; the hope is always with the new generation. In no other way can we more fittingly take leave of *this noble book* than in the words of its author, appended as a preface to the final volume:

"I have written the tragedy of a generation which is nearing its end. I have sought to conceal neither its vices nor its virtues, its profound sadness, its chaotic pride, its heroic efforts, its despondency beneath the overwhelming burden of a superhuman task, the burden of the whole world, the reconstruction of the world's morality, its esthetic principles, its faith, the forging of a new humanity.—Such we have been.

"You young men, you men of to-day, march over us, trample us under your feet, and press onward. Be ye greater and happier than we.

"For myself, I bid the soul that was mine farewell. I cast it from me like an empty shell. Life is a succession of deaths and resurrections. We must die, Christophe, to be born again."

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE. Dawn — Morning — Youth
—Revolt.

Commences with the musician's childhood, his fears, fancies, and troubles, and his almost uncanny musical sense. He plays before the Grand Duke at seven, but he is destined for greater things. An idol of the hour, in some ways suggesting Richard Strauss, tries in vain to wreck his faith in his career. Early love

episodes follow, and after a dramatic climax, the hero, like Wagner, has to fly, a hopeful exile.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE IN PARIS. The Market-Place
—Antoinette—The House.

The further adventures of the great musician after his exile to Paris. In "The Market-Place" we see the hero struggling to earn his living and to conquer Paris. We are introduced to numberless "society" circles in Paris, and all the cliques of so-called musicians. Christophe's genius asserts itself and he becomes famous. The love story in "Antoinette" is perhaps the finest thing in any of the three books. The *London Daily Mail* says: "It is a flawless gem." "The House" introduces us to the friends and enemies of the young musician, who gravitate around Christophe and his friend Olivier amid the noisy and enigmatic whirl of Parisian life. A war cloud rises between France and Germany. The hero makes a hasty trip to his Fatherland.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE: JOURNEY'S END. Love and
Friendship—The Burning Bush—The New
Dawn.

This completes the great trilogy.

The first eighty pages are concerned chiefly with the marriage of Christophe's best friend Olivier, with Christophe's rise as a composer and his love for a Parisian actress. Dramatic episodes follow, and we see Jean-Christophe fighting on the barricade in Paris, flying for

his life to Switzerland, and there involved in an experience recalling Wagner's with Frau Wesendonck.

Cloth, the set, \$5.00 net; each volume \$1.75 net.

Leather, the set, \$10.00 net; individual volumes not sold separately.

BOOKS ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

In the following books the actual biographical material is given, but there is much more than this. The author is a philosopher and an artist; and against the background of the bare facts he shows a living person and his place in the history of music. His accounts of the various musicians are rich with criticisms of their work.

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